Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I ſay: I would I were a weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prince. How now Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prin ce of *Wales*.

Prin. Why, you horſon round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer mee to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would giue a thouſand pound I could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me, giue me a cup of ſacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all cowards ſtill, ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thouſand pound this morning,

Prince. Where is it, *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the Hoſe,

Hoſe, my buckler cut thorow and thorow, my ſword hacked like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake: if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſſ. We foure ſet vpon a dozen.

Falſ. Sixteene at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſſ. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falſ. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a *Iew* elſe, an Hebrew *Iew*.

Roſſ. As we were ſharing, ſome 6. or 7. freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Falſ. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Falſ. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay that's paſt praying for, I haue peppered two of them: Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckrom ſuites: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call mee Horſe: thou knoweſt my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaidſt but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; hee ſaid foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at me. I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a villaine elſe.

Prin. Pretheelet him alone, wee ſhall haue more anon.

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare mee, *Hall*.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iacke*.